THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

A Chronicle and Review of the Doings of the Day, at Home and Abroad.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 27. SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1870. Price TWOPENCE.

Here and There.

THE paragraph now going the round of the metropolitan and provincial papers concerning Court honours to Mr. Charles Dickens has no foundation in fact. We shall probably run no risk of error if we conclude that Mr. Dickens's visit to her Majesty was in obedience to the express desire of an ardent admirer of his works naturally anxious to make the personal acquaintance of their distinguished author.

At a meeting of Liberal members of Parliament, held on Thursday, it was decided, upon the motion of Mr. Vernon Harcourt, that an amendment should be moved to the second reading of the Government Education Bill, protesting against the relegation of the religious difficulty to local bodies.

We are glad to learn that Mr. Glyn's health is steadily improving; but, although the honourable gentleman is naturally most desirous to resume his important duties, it would probably be more conducive to his complete recovery were he not to return to the House of Commons until after the expiration of a few days.

Mr. Bernal Osborne is said to be unable to take his seat for Waterford, owing to a severe attack of rheumatism. It may be remembered that the hon. gentleman, on his triumphant return for Waterford, had to scramble through some skylights and over housetops in order to escape the pressing attentions of his eager constituents, and that in doing so he fell into a tank of water, which accounts, no doubt, for the severe attack of illness.

A Schenectady justice of the peace has decided that a "verbal contract is not good without a stamp." This is not a "goak."

Lady Blanche Noël, daughter of the Earl of Gainsborough, eloped last week with Mr. T. Murphy, professor of music, to whom she was subsequently united.

Surely we miss the fine Roman hand of the Paris correspondent of the *Telegraph* from its accustomed place. What will the French fashionable world do without its Jeames?

"A characteristic detail," says the *Liberté*, "is related in connection with the appointment of Mgr. Ginoulhiac to the Archbishopric of Lyons. Mgr. de Bonald had hardly expired when the Emperor received from the Vatican a telegram proposing a candidate for the venerable prelate's successor. His Majesty immediately expressed to the Holy Father his regret that the application was too late, as the choice was already made."

As an illustration of the speed and accuracy with which telegraphic messages can be transmitted, it is said that a message despatched from Birmingham to Ipswich at one o'clock in the afternoon reached its destination at nine o'clock the same evening; and that whereas it originally requested the receiver to go to *York*, this direction, in the course of transmission, was converted into the astonishing request that he should go to *Cork!*

It is probable that for the future the Commissioners of Police will refuse the "Extension of time" occasionally granted to Cremorne, Highbury Barn, and other places of amusement.

On Sunday the Madeline, at Paris, was as usual thronged with persons attending mass. One young woman was particularly remarkable for the energy with which she struck her breast while acknowledging her manifold sins and wickedness in the usual words: Mea culpa, mea culpa, mea maxima culpa! As this edifying young lady was leaving the church her foot caught in the skirt of her dress and she had a fall. At the same moment a dozen portemonnaies fell from her pocket. "Hallo!" said a police officer, who was standing near, and who ran to help her as she fell, "I have heard of the miraculous multiplication of loaves, but not of purses. Have the kindness to accompany me to the commissaire of police in order to explain the interesting phenomenon." On the way to the police station the pious young woman threw a handful of snuff into the eyes of the officer, with the remark, "Remember that you are only dust." Having given this unpleasant illustration of the propriety of casting "dust to dust," she bolted round the nearest corner, and has not since been heard of.

The competitors for the Billiard Champion's Vase appear on the scene "thicker and faster." First came Young Roberts, then Alfred Bowles, and now Joseph Bennett springs up as a challenger, and has deposited a cheque for 10*l.* as earnest of his intention to play the winner of Bowles's match, which will probably take place about the Derby week. After that we should recommend the players to allow five or six months to pass before the match between Bennett and the winner of the contest with Bowles comes off, in order to get the warm weather over, and give patrons of the noble game a stronger appetite for a first-class display.

There are very funny stories going about the new workings of the Public Works Department, and it is likely the other public officers will soon rise up in rebellion against the despots who rule over the repairs of fireirons, stools, tables, and "public property" generally. There is a capital account of a certain castor which was lost off an armchair, and which entailed requisitions, correspondence, inspections, visits, &c., day after day, till a van with two horses and three men came to take off the armchair in triumph—and the castor came off the day after the chair was returned.

Belle réponse de Barbey d'Aurevilly.

C'était dans un diner d'amis. On était assez égrillard. Barbey surtout était d'une verve—de Gargantua.

"Eh! Barbey, lui dit un convive, vous ne craignez pas de faire des péchés?"

"Moi, dit Barbey; j'aime à en faire, pour avoir le plaisir de les confesser!"

We are happy to hear that the differences on the subject of foxhunting, between Lord Curzon and Mr. Newdegate, have been satisfactorily adjusted. Mr. Newdegate having withdrawn the pamphlet which gave great umbrage to Lord Curzon and his friends, it is to be hoped that peace will once more reign in that portion of Leicestershire known among hunting men as "the Atherstone country."

At the sale of the Countess of Derwentwater's effects, a portrait of the Pretender sold for 1,000*l.*

Mr. W. H. Smith, M.P., has kindly consented to take the chair at the annual dinner of the Newspaper Press Fund, which will take place at Willis's Rooms, King-street, St. James's, on Saturday the 14th of May.

"Comment, Madame veut être coiffée rien qu'avec ses cheveuz a elle?"

"Eh bien?"

"Mais ça ne sera pas naturel!"

In Germany, when a paper says anything very witty they kill the editor. In the face of this severe law, it is reassuring to know that not one editor has been killed there for two hundred years!

There are published in the United Kingdom 1,390 newspapers, distributed as follows: England 1,059, Wales 55, Scotland 131, Ireland 129, British Isles 16. Of these, 70 are English dailies, 2 Welsh, 11 Scottish, 14 Irish, and 1 "British Isles."

Dialogue overheard on the milky way:—

How much is your milk a quart?

Fourpence.

But without water?

Ah! that would be fivepence.

And that would be pure?

Perfectly.

Well, I will send my servant each day when you milk, to fetch it.

Oh, *that* would be *sixpence*.

At Agra the Duke of Edinburgh is said to have inquired whether the city had a lunatic asylum. On being informed that such an institution would be of no utility in the place, he devoutly thanked Heaven, observing that wherever there was one, they invariably took him there, and he always found the word "welcome" in large letters over the entrance.

The Liverpool Steeplechase, run last Wednesday, was won by The Colonel; and the Spring Cup on Thursday by Free Trade—both the sole selections of *The Man About Town*.

At Aintree:—

"Did you win?"

"No, I didn't; though *they came to me and implored me to back it.*

"Ah, it's *always* a funeral with you!"

The Vicomte Pernetty has been appointed *écuyer* to the Emperor. M. Pernetty, according to the *Gaulois*, cannot ride.

Opinion d'un membre du Jockey sur la pièce de l'Odéon:

"C'est un chef-d'œuvre *pur Sand*.

"Does your Mamma ever beat you?"

"No: but she does much worse."

"What?"

"Washes me all over every morning."

A good thing in a railway accident:—presence of mind.

A better:—absence of body.

A negro, Mr. Revels by name, has succeeded Jefferson Davis in the American Senate. This is the first gentleman of his shade who has ever sat in Congress.

A *mot* attributed to M. Rouher, which true or false, is too good to be altogether lost. When somebody was laughing at the liberal promises of the Ministry, the President of the Senate is said to have compared the state of things under personal government to a "ball-room after three hours' dancing in which everybody was stifled: then comes M. Ollivier, and instead of letting in a little fresh air, he opens all the doors and all the windows, and gives everybody rheumatism." If the story were true, one might say in reply that it is better to catch cold in the head than to die in a black hole.

An echo from the last ball of Carnival time. A wax taper remembers it is Ash-Wednesday, and drops a tear of repentance on a lady's fair shoulder. The lady is about to scream, but is checked by the whispered reproach, "I thought that marble had no feeling." It surely could not be the little sister of this damsel who, impatient at a wedding's being put off, cried, "I'm sure I don't see why she should not be married in Lent—*puisqu'elle est maigre!*"

Un brave négociant dialoguait avec un jeune viveur qui, quoique ça pose horriblement pour le moraliste

"Si Albert, disait ce dernier, continue à prendre au sérieux cette fille, il mourra sur la paille, je le lui prédis.

"Hum! sur la paille—Mais, la poutre—mon cher, risposte finement l'autre.

"Vous m'avez devancé, j'allais le dire—sur la paille et sous la poutre."

At a *séance* recently held at Cincinnati, a man burst into tears when the medium described very accurately, a tall, blue-eyed, light-whiskered spirit, standing by his side. "Do you know him?" inquired a sympathetic bye-sitter. "Know him, I guess I do," replied the man. "He was engaged to my wife; if he hadn't a died, he'd a been her husband 'stead of me. O George, George, why did you peg out?"

At the Liverpool Police-court, one day this week, an information obtained by the police authorities was heard against Carr Ewald Hoffmann, the proprietor of a dancing saloon *(formerly a Methodist chapel)* in Hotham street, charging him that, being a person licensed to keep a refreshment-house, he, on the 22nd and 23rd of February, knowingly permitted prostitutes to continue on his premises. The police evidence was conclusive as to the presence of prostitutes in the place. The bench, having been addressed for the defence, unanimously decided that the charge had been made out, and defendant was fined in the full penalty of 40s. and costs.

In the House.

FRIDAY, MARCH 4th.—On the motion for going into Committee of Supply, Mr. D. Dalrymple moved a resolution, that it was desirable to legislate for the reception, detention, and management of habitual drunkards. The hon. gentleman began by stating that this was not a party question, being equally applicable to both sides; and he would not enter into a history of intemperance, since the personal experience of members would furnish infinitely stronger illustrations of it than any he could detail. (Had Mr. Dalrymple stopped here, one might have thought he was specially referring to the House of Commons.) He looked on drunkenness as a disease, like lunacy, and capable of transmission from parent to infant. The law should be so framed as to enable habitual drunkards to be placed in asylums, and the administration of their affairs taken out of their hands and vested in trustees. Mr. Miller followed in the same strain, begging the House to take up the question and provide a remedy. Mr. Bruce made a few remarks very much to the point. If the hon. member, instead of submitting a motion, had attempted to frame a Bill on this subject, he would have seen how difficult it was to deal with. It seemed to him that some voluntary effort to provide reformatories should first be made before appealing for State aid. He could understand a drunkard voluntarily submitting to some sort of restraint, but he thought they could hardly call on Parliament to pass a law that every drunken man should be sent to gaol, considering that neither the deaf, dumb, blind, nor even lunatics, could be compulsorily incarcerated unless they became dangerous. Some persons might consider it advantageous to adopt the French institution of "*Lettres de Cachet*," whereby erring wives, spendthrifts, rakes, swindling quacks, and money-lenders, and many other pests of society, might be shut up in confinement and kept there; but the present proposition seemed to him (Mr. Bruce) as the dream of a benevolent mind rather than a provision in practicable terms. The cure of drunkenness must be by other means; and the greatest of all, no doubt, was the diffusion of a moral sense of the disgrace attached to the vice.

Colonel Barttelot moved the abolition of the malt tax, and the imposition in lieu thereof of brewers' and brewing licences, and a reduced charge on the manufactured article, *beer*. After a few remarks from Mr. C. S. Read, who seconded the motion, and Mr. Dodson, whose observations tended to the suggestion of a sort of compromise on the part of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Fielden rose. He had written pamphlets on the subject, and proposed to treat the House to a chapter. He fell foul of Mr. Milner Gibson, and of the accuracy of Mr. Gibson's calculations as to the per centages of taxation of various articles. A man's honour was bound up in the accuracy of his figures, and at any rate Mr. Gibson could not prove the accuracy of his own. At present the malt tax increased the price of malt 100 per cent., and beer could not be brewed under 2*d.* a quart. Reduce the malt tax, and beer could be brewed for 1*d.* a quart, or say 1¼*d.*; and, allowing ¾*d.* per quart to the retailer, or 40 per cent. profit, good beer could be sold over the counter at 2*d.* a quart, where we were now paying 6*d.* for the vilest stuff in the lowest pothouse. Mr. Gladstone defended Mr. Milner Gibson, and hinted, as regards accuracy of calculation, that people who lived in glass-houses should not throw stones. He had no doubt of Mr. Fielden's good faith; but he, Mr. Gladstone, would advise him to quote correctly, and not to hold that the honour of every gentleman was implicated in the accuracy of his calculations. The Chancellor of the Exchequer said, that the time was not very remote when he must make a clean breast of it: that he would consider the question if Col. Barttelot would not now press his motion; and when he came to make his financial statement, he would either accede to it or give very good reasons for not doing so. (Laughter.) Col. Barttelot was perfectly satisfied with the answer he had received, which was more courteous than he had ever got from Mr. Lowe before, and he therefore withdrew his amendment.

The House went into Committee on the Navy Estimates. Mr. Childers and Mr. Baxter had herein to bear the assaults of numerous adversaries, led on by that irrepressible opponent, Sir J. Hay; and we should imagine were thankful when at last the votes for clothing and dockyard expenses passed the House.

MONDAY, MARCH 7th.—In the Lords, the Earl of Carnarvon drew attention to the affairs of New Zealand, and was replied to by Earl Granville, who vigorously defended the policy of the Government in the withdrawal of the Imperial troops, and the subject then dropped.

In the Commons, Mr. Gladstone moved the second reading of the Irish Land Bill; upon which Mr. Bryan, amid the applause of the Irish members, moved, as an amendment, that the Bill be read a second time this day six months. Quoting Mr. Fenian Butt, Q.C., he condemned the provisions of the Bill as not going nearly far enough to satisfy Ireland and the Irish. The Bill, he said, assuredly did not fulfil the aspirations of the Irish people. It might pass into law, but he warned the House it would not quiet the country; and though he might go into the lobby in a miserable majority, he begged the House to recollect that the Irish people were with him, and, like the daughters of the horse-leech, were continually crying "Give, give," and were not satisfied. Captain White followed in a temperate speech on the same side, and a general debate ensued, noticeable principally for a forcible speech from Dr. Ball, who complained in vigorous terms of the Bill as a specimen of legislation for Ireland, which the Government had laid down as good enough for them. What he claimed for Ireland was the right of raising herself to the standard of England; and he demanded that we should not have one system for the Irish, and another reserved as a privilegium for England and Scotland. In everything the object seemed to be to foster Irish notions, and encourage them to the utmost, instead of consolidating the interests, habits, and affections of the two countries by their intimate union in respect of rules, laws, and system. Mr. Maguire moved the adjournment of the debate, which was resumed the following evening (Tuesday, March 8th), and dragged its weary length along, somewhat relieved from absolute tedium by the oratory of Mr. Ward Hunt in a speech of some duration, the adjournment being finally moved by Colonel Wilson Patten.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 9th.—Mr. M'Laren's Church Rates (Scotland) Bill came on for the second reading, and, after a short debate, was thrown out by a majority of 117. There was nothing else of even passing interest.

THURSDAY, MARCH 10th.—The Lords passed the Naturalisation Bill through Committee, and, on the motion of Earl Beauchamp, the Churchwardens' Eligibility Bill was read a second time.

Mr. Bernal Osborne, having recovered from the fatigues of the Waterford election, took his seat in the House of Commons amid loud cheering from both sides.

The question of the payment of over regulation purchase money by officers of the army gave rise to two questions, on the part of Lord E. Cecil and Colonel White respectively, and from Mr. Cardwell's replies it would appear that the Government are alive to the necessity of dealing promptly and decisively with the matter.

Mr. W. H. Smith having been in the minority defeated on the question of totally abolishing the Chelsea Bridge Tolls the other day, came up smiling and asked for their abolition on Saturday half-holidays, on the principle that a little was better than nothing. Mr. Gladstone, however, let out with his left, and Mr. Smith retired to his corner discomfited.

The Irish Land Bill again came on for debate; Colonel Wilson Patten, Mr. Horsman, Sir R. Palmer, Mr. Monsell, Mr. Hardy, and others taking part therein, and at its conclusion Mr. Gladstone intimated most distinctly that he thought they had had quite enough talk, and he should expect the debate to be closed to-morrow (Friday) night. We sincerely hope it will, for it is plaguy dull reading.

INTERCEPTED LETTERS.

No. 5.

FROM HAROLD DARVILLE, ESQ., JUN., TO HAROLD DARVILLE, ESQ., SEN.

MY DEAR FATHER,—As you expressed a wish (somewhat strongly, as you may, perhaps, remember) that I should write to you at my earliest convenience after my return to Oxford, and give you some idea of my pecuniary liabilities, I take the opportunity, being confined to my rooms by a severe cold, and the thoughtful injunctions of the Warden that I should on no account be out of College later than six every evening, to write to you a few lines on what our Imperial neighbour, the Emperor of the French, would doubtless call the "situation." Now, I am forced to admit at once and unreservedly—for, never, my dear father, shall you complain of any want of candour upon my part—that the "situation" is not an agreeable one to a man of independent feelings. To my mind, there is something positively loathsome in the idea of owing money! I feel that ancestral blood, of which you and my dear mother are so justly proud, absolutely boiling in my veins when I reflect that I am actually under obligations to various tradesmen in this town for goods with which they have supplied me, and for which I am unable to return them the adequate remuneration. You will say: "Why order things for which you are unable to pay?" I reply: "Ah, why indeed!" Why did I fearlessly leap into the Cherwell the other day and rescue an inexperienced freshman who *would* go in a canoe? I cannot tell, except that I was instigated in both cases by the thoughtless generosity which is at once the blessing and the bane of our family. As I grow older, I have no doubt but that I shall grow wiser;—and, indeed, I feel that I may safely say that if I were once set free from the present wretched burden of debt that now renders me so anxious and care-worn that I am quite unable to read as hard as I ought, and pay proper attention to the lectures it is my duty to attend, I should see my way clearly to a better and more economical course of life. You will object that I said all this two years ago, when you kindly extricated me from temporary embarrassments. It is quite true—I admit it at once. I made excellent resolutions, and I broke them; it would be foreign to my nature to attempt to deceive you. I repeat, I broke them. But in the bitter school of experience I have learnt a lesson that is burnt into my heart. There is no need for me now to make absurd resolutions; temptations have no longer any charms for me; they glance idly from the polished armour of a tried heart. I have given orders—extravagant orders if you will—to retail dealers of various kinds of goods, frequently from a deep feeling for the misery caused by the present stagnation of trade, which, as you are aware, has reduced many deserving families from a state of comparative opulence to one of something like poverty. I could not look at my tailor's pleading face, and refuse to order several new coats. I could not regard the livery-stable keeper's famished face, and think of his young family, and decline to hunt three days a-week. The generous sympathies of youth cried aloud, and I obeyed. Moreover, the imperative claims of friendship required me to back a small bill for a young nobleman whom a chain of adverse circumstances has compelled to quit the country for a brief period. I feel, however, very strongly that the line must be drawn somewhere, and that this sort of thing must not occur again, and I feel sure that you will agree with me. In this life, however, we must all be prepared to make sacrifices. And, therefore, my dear father, I feel no hesitation in asking you to advance me the sum of, say, £500. This will cover everything; and so, when I have taken my degree, I shall be able to start fair in the great race of life. I shall always feel the inestimable benefits of the University education you have so bounteously given me. It is an education which undoubtedly is an expensive one, but money is unquestionably one of the principal University tests, which I understand that the Government intends shortly to deal with in a liberal manner. Whether the scheme will comprehend the dis-

charge of all existing undergraduate liabilities I have not heard; but I am afraid that it will not.

I must ask you to excuse the haste and brevity of this letter, but it is nearly midnight, and I have several hours' hard reading to do before I go to bed. With best love to my mother and sisters, I am, your affectionate Son,

HAROLD DARVILLE.

P.S.—Would you kindly ask Messrs. Tod-Heatly to send me down a case of that dry champagne, which is always so much admired at your table. It is a very good thing to read upon: it quiets the brain.

Our Prize Rhymes.

PRIZE WORD—No. XX.—MERCY.

First—

A little Dutchman, short and pursy,
Walked on the quay at Rotterdam,
When suddenly he cried, "Ach, mercy,
What a forgetful Boer I am!

"My littel dog, this littel cur, see,
His littel tail I have not tied,
I tink it is von great pig mercy
He was not blown into the tide."

HANS BREITMANN.

Second—

In Yorkshire resided—
Not far from where I did—
Of a lineage on which he himself greatly prided,
A valiant old Knight,
Who had "maintained the right,"
Who was equally loyal, in love or in fight;
With valour, as great as a Douglas or Percy,*
And "justice (so properly) tempered with mercy."

Still, he'd often declare,
In a voice of despair,
That his life was a burthen of sorrow and care;
That his name would be lost and his lineage bare;
With his property scattered to no one knew where;
All owing, alas, to the death of his *heir!*
Nay, he grew so perverse, he
Such feelings did nurse, he
Oft swore he was *doomed* to this dreadful reverse (he
'D have sworn it, of old, was the malice of Circe!)
Then, ceasing his grievance, at last, to rehearse, he
Abandoned his friends, became idle and pursy,
And—which I am grieved to record in my verse—he
Soon died, and his neighbours all cried "What a mercy!"

Yes, the end came at last,
For old age travels fast,
And the Knight was thenceforward a thing of the *Past*.
Then arose such a tissue
Of troubles, that this you
Must grant it was lucky he died without issue!
Thus all that he'd looked upon, once, as a curse, he
Had found, if he'd lived long enough, was a mercy.

CALDBERGH.

Third—

Youth is kind and fond of mercy,
With a noble gen'rous heart;
Age, when scant of breath and pursy,
Playeth but a selfish part.
Youth hates constant controversy,
Never argues long from choice:
Shakspere makes the "hasty" Percy
Soften at his lady's voice.

TEMPLAR.

My aunt an undertaker was,
Not fertile in resources;
She dearly loved the Derby Day,
But never saw the horses.

But how to go? Aye, there's the rub,
No pair of wheels is vacant:
Then why not start a mourning coach?
Oh, do—for goodness' sake, aunt!

No sooner said than done, bright boy;
And if they stare—law, mercy!
The most the lords and nobs can say—
By Jove, that's rather hearsey!

We went—the fun was very good;
We nearly choked with laughing,
As coming home, the swell drag cried—
By jingo, there's the coughing!

WELKNOW.

Though mild in love, grammercy,
Was gentle, tender Percy,
He showed the French at Bercy,
In war he knew no mercy.

PERCY.

* Vide Chevy Chase.

Thus a young wife, alighting from the train,
Rebuked her husband in the gentlest strain:—
I know you love me much, my dearest Percy,
So pray, in future, on my pride have mercy.
When we in darkness through a tunnel glide,
You should not kiss me, loved one, though your bride.
"Kiss you! not I—I kissed you not." The pair
In mute amazement at each other stare.

The ship was wrecked, and, struggling with the ocean's angry tide,
To a spar was clinging a wife torn from her husband's side.
He, for a moment by a wave lifted, hardly did her see,
And cried out, "Oh God! on us both pray have mercy."
Then said, "This awful moment, love, our last may chance to be,
Have you always, dearest—always been a faithful wife to me?"
"Ah, what," quoth she, "our fate may be, we neither of us know;
But that secret, sink or swim, love, to the grave with me must go."

TRIPLE HARP.

"Soft drop the dews of heaven on those,
The fallen brave, and sweet repose
Upon their heavy eyelids be,
Who sleep beneath the green-wood tree!
Sweet rest and deep to-night is theirs;
To-morrow, soon as matin prayers
Awake the morn, and convent song,
Shall weeping widows hither throng;
On bows of birch and hazel gray
Shall bear their lov'd remains away;
Hang fresh-wove garlands on their biers,
Wash their deep wounds with brinish tears,
With long embrace their relics fold,
And place in earth their sacred mould.
There when the shades of evening close
The hunter of the mountain roes
On the low mound shall often sit,
And while the night-jars round him flit,
And the quick bat his prey pursues,
On times of old shall fondly muse,
And sigh the mouldering heaps to trace,
That mark the scene of *Chevy Chase*."

* * * * *

"The Cheviot's fatal wood they leave;
Thick, as they past, the darkening eve
Closed on their steps; abrupt and cold
The night gale rose; and faintly toll'd
With many a pause, the vesper bell,
This *Ave* seemed to ring—a parting knell—"
'On the souls of doughty Douglas and princely PERCY,
May the Lord of Heaven have MERCY!'

N.B.—Doubtless this horse would catch Judge Clarke's eye first, but an objection might be raised on the ground that he had been trained in a public stable; and yet this want of originality alone makes it readable.—CEDRIC.

When I was a child
I had a nursey;
She had a Christian name,
And it was Mercy.

So far from being slim;
Wheezy and pursy,
Thick, both in head and limb,
Was my nurse Mercy.

Once, in a bathing place,
Somewhere in Jersey,
Hear what a pretty race
I ran with Mercy.

Cutting off from her side,
I soon let her see
I did not care for tide,
Nor time, nor Mercy.

I know I wore, sir,
Pantaloons kersey—
Kerseymere's coarser—
Made me by Mercy.

And while she wrung her hands,
I, Master Percy,
Far out on the sands,
Ridiculed Mercy.

When we got home again,
Pa 'gan to curse, he
Said it was nurse's fault—
Poor wheezy Mercy!

ANADILUS.

Our Shakspere did in noble versee say
(And how oft we hear it quoted!)
"That the quality of mercy
Is never strain'd"—he wrote it.

Long since, and if he lived to-day,
And saw the muddy Mersey,
His strain unchanged, "unstrain'd," he 'd say,
"This stream, and black as any hearse—eh?"

GRAMERCY!

I doffed my old, I donned my new,
A suit of homespun kersey;
At it my wife outrageous grew,
And stamped and cried out mercy!

"RELTUC."

"What! give *you my* daughter? You vagrant, begone!
'Tis my cash, not my child, your design is upon;
Neither guinea nor girl of mine you 'll obtain,
Nor the face of my daughter e'er look on again!"
In this kindly way Mr. Percy
Refused me the hand of Miss Mercy;
Their guineas they may keep, *inter se*;
Fortune-hunting I 'm not come to yet.

Though old Percy has riches and I 'm free from tin,
'Tis *her* heart, not *his* cash bags I 'm anxious to win:
I *will* win it, too, and let him keep his coin,
And Hymen, old buffer! our hands you shall join.
True love is the best fortune, *per se*;
This portion I 'll settle on Mercy,
And I 'll seek wealth by land—yes! or per sea,
Ere her parent's red gold she 'll regret.

WOOD GREEN.

She was lovely, bright, and fair,
Deep blue eyes and raven hair;
Gentle, good, and prone to mercy
Was Matilda, wife of Percy.

All too good on earth to stay,
Soon she quickly passed away,
Buried was in Isle of Jersey,
And her epitaph was "Mercy."

ESOR.

"Wild in woods and forests the noble savage ran,"
And so do I 'mong pine-trees high, their length and girth to scan;
And when perplex'd and mildly vex'd, and brambles rip my skin,
I seem to think that I am to this noble man a kin.
He seeks the "bush," and lies him down with sporting cubs and dam,
But I resort to a better sort—the "lion and the lamb."
But, come, the work we must not shirk, we 'll "strap" to it like men,
And soon the thick will knock off quick, then back unto our den;
And yet, alas! remorseless mass, in pity's name have mercy,
For be it known that I have grown, in some way, somewhat pursy.

STRAP STRAP.

Could a syren Circe
Be made an useful "nursey,"
If claimed from sin,
And trained within
A Sisterhood of Mercy.

So thought one Mr. Percy,
Who raised a controversy;
But he was fat,
Short-winded—that
Procured his scheme no mercy.

They joked and called him "pursy,"
So venting a loud curse, he
Gave up debate
For future hate
Of Sisterhoods of Mercy.

GRAMERCY.

That dear little Mercy,
I see her sometimes,
When out with her nursie
Beneath the fresh limes.

Her laugh is so merry,
Her cheeks are so red,
Lips like the strawberry,
When fresh from its bed.

I love her most dearly,
But what can I do?
When I spoke she said, merely,
"I do not like you."

HARRY.

Competition Papers received from—Blanche; C.; C.; Jasper; Crinon; Oakley Wood; H.; W. S. V.; Lady P.

Received too late for insertion last week—Pastoral.

PRIZE WORD—No. XXI.—JAUNDICE.

☞ The prizes will be open to general competition among all comers, upon the following conditions:—The rhymes must be fair and honest, with no admixture of cockneyism, Yankeeism, or vulgarism of any sort. They must be framed in a couplet or stanza, which shall be constructed with due regard to the laws of grammar and prosody, and present some approach to a meaning.

*** All the competing papers must be anonymous, but each distinguished by some initial or epigraph; which the winner should reproduce when claiming his prize, to prove his title thereto.

Papers must be sent so as to reach the *M. A. T.* Office not later than Thursday noon.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SEMI-QUAVER.—So fa as we can si, we should say do.

ATHOS M.—Much obliged, but we fear it would hardly be suited to our columns.

THE SWIFT.—We cannot swallow that. Have you been eaves-dropping?

H. B.—A whistler is a mild roarer—as a calf to a bull,—so is, &c. He is sometimes a pawnbroker. Do your initials stand for High Blower?

J. WELLS (Cork).—We cannot say *Tu levior cortice*. It is not absolutely forbidden to be amusing. Try again.

THE THEATRES—THIS EVENING.

DRURY LANE.—Phobus' Fix—At a Quarter to Eight: Peep-o'-Day.
HAYMARKET.—Popping the Question—At Twenty Minutes to Eight: Our American Cousin—Deaf as a Post. Seven.
PRINCESS'S.—Formosa—After Dark. Seven.
ADELPHI.—Blow for Blow—At Nine: Not Such a Fool as He Looks. Seven.
LYCEUM.—Twenty Minutes with a Tiger—At a Quarter to Nine: Chilpéric. Seven.
OLYMPIC.—Little Em'ly—At half-past Nine: The Princess. Seven.
GLOBE.—If the Cap Fits—At Half-past Seven: Philomel—At a Quarter to Ten: Lord Bateman. Seven.
ST. JAMES'S.—She Stoops to Conquer—At a Quarter past Nine: La Belle Sauvage - An Unhappy Pair. Seven.
STRAND.—The Heir-at-Law—Toodles—Ino. Seven.
PRINCE OF WALES'S.—Dearest Mamma—At Eight: School—Quite by Accident. Half-past Seven.
GAIETY.—The Happy Village—At a Quarter to Eight: Uncle Dick's Darling—At a Quarter to Ten: Wat Tyler, M.P. Seven.
NEW QUEEN'S.—Quick March—At a Quarter past Eight: 'Twixt Axe and Crown. Seven.

The Man About Town.

SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1870.

AMONG the grave subjects, exclusive of the Great Warming-pan Question now demanding the attention of our legislators, there is one which really merits the serious consideration of all within or without the House. The declaration of the General Medical Council in favour of a Joint Examining Board being formed in each of the three divisions of the kingdom, before one of which each "duly qualified practitioner" shall be required to pass a satisfactory examination before being let loose on the patient world, is one, literally, of the *last* importance to us all. The evils of the present system, under which a disappointed Sangrado, who has failed to obtain a diploma in one of the great capitals, is able to wriggle through a less trying ordeal elsewhere, are notorious and crying. It is bad enough that our clergy have to undergo but slight tests of efficiency—our barristers absolutely none—before setting up as our spiritual and unspiritual directors. Happily, however, the qualifications of a minister of the Gospel are those dependent more on heart than head, the wisdom best suited to the pulpit being often rather that of the unlearned than of the schoolmen. And after all, the best test of an advocate's merits consists in the nature of his practice: besides which, no one need have recourse to the horsehairs, unless he be either rich or quarrelsome, in either of which cases he is unworthy of consideration. But we can give no such lenient interpretation to the diploma of our doctor.

Bleeder, M.D., may be an atheist, and may beat his wife without affecting his usefulness in his own particular sphere. But he must, or ought to have, satisfactorily demonstrated his possession of sufficient skill to enable him to be trusted with the lives of Her Majesty's subjects. The examinations provided by the three great capitals referred to above, afford, according to the opinion of experts, a proper test of the attainments of those who pass them. It is clear that any test less severe does *not* constitute an adequate criterion of a Galen's merits. At all events, one is either too severe or the other too lax. It is more expedient to raise the standard than to lower it—to give us men who can boldly pass London rather than inflict upon us the failures who have crept through Glasgow. If the House will give favourable consideration to the declaration which has been poured into its coy ear, it will have earned the gratitude of all unable to dispense with the dispensers.

The Drawing Room held on Wednesday was a well-furnished and almost a Double Drawing Room, at which the presentations and toilettes were alike out of the common. St James's Street—which must by this time be *blasé* for the Yeomen of the Guard and the Beefeaterish band of the Life Guards—tried to get up its conventional smile for the occasion, making believe never to have seen old Lady BAREACRE's back before, and to hail the thousandth appearance of Lord METHUSELAH as a charming surprise. His Lordship has grown a shade lighter about the hair than when I last saw him, and has, if anything, less control over his left leg; but looks wonderfully considering, and is, after all, no such very out-of-the-way match for the lovely Miss TROTTER. The alabaster throat, lavishly powdered, of Lady GYPSUM was the object of the usual admiring scrutiny; and Lady GLOWRY's arm, always accidentally visible at the window, was not overlooked by the Knaves of Clubs at their bow-windows. In severe contrast to these favourite and inexpressive exhibitions was Miss PINNING, who declines to permit her *décolletées* charms to be gazed at; and sits in the press with a scarf round her lean shoulders, chastely concealed, like a draped statue, from the unscrupulous old satyrs who gasp in at the windows like amorous cod-fish. It is an interesting and not uninstructive study to watch how differently different feminine natures bear the scrutiny of the washed and unwashed as it passes by the wheels of their chariot: Lady A. smiles, Lady B. frowns, Lady C. pulls up the window, Lady D. pulls down the blind, Lady E. looks pleased and almost winks, Lady F. all but sends for the police,—and so on to Lady Y, who pretends to go to sleep, and Lady Z, who really does go to sleep, having been at four balls the night before, and having just eaten a weighty luncheon (careful soul!) before turning out in the cold. Their tricks and their manners, to go to the dolls' dressmaker, are well worth a walk to St. James's, especially if it be strictly bounded by the palace gates; for not even an opportunity of studying the manners of the great would compensate one (at our time of life) for the trouble and annoyance of kissing hands, walking backward, or having our diamonds criticized by a rival.

The Italian Opera (it should be called *Opus*, while there is but one) announces its opening for the 29th. The list of promises includes the *débûts* of one or two new soprani and a contralto, and the re-appearance of Signor WACHTEL, Dr. GUNZ, and—*floreat semper!*—Signor MARIO. The inanimate novelties comprise *La Esmeralda*—a work of Signor CAMAPNA, recently produced in Russia—and *Macbeth*, VERDI's reputed *chef d' œuvre*. Signor ARDITI's successors are to be Signor VIANESI, a Russ, and the well-known Signor BEVIGNANI: substitutes which can hardly be considered satisfactory. The *premières danseuses* come once more from the north, so are hardly likely to hold many slaves. And that, with the exception of the usual stirring information as to machinery, gas, and costume, comprehends all the information vouchsafed by the Covent Garden management of 1870. The secession of so large and important a section of the company as that which migrates to Drury Lane was bound to prejudice its neighbour: the loss of Madlle. NILSSON, Signor ARDITI, and Mr. SANTLEY being irreparable. Still, Bow Street will—keeping clear of Sir THOMAS—be well worth visiting this season, if only for the sake of seeing the golden hair of Madlle. SESSI, about which all London, according to Mr. TRUEFITT, is to rave.

LONDON LYRICS.

No. 15.

FIFINE.

AFTER A. C. SWINBURNE.

Ah! give me some few minutes peace,
Triumphant queen,
Let satire and soft laughter cease
Awhile, Fifine.

The winter's passing, and your reign
Will now begin;
You braid your radiant hair again,
And smile, Fifine.

Sit quiet, and smile in pleasant dreams
Of what has been;
Glad promise of the future seems
The past, Fifine.

I hold a mirror to your face—
Look boldly in;
No sign of sorrow can I trace—
Can you, Fifine?

The brows are smooth—no wrinkles there
In lines are seen;
Ah, yes, it is exceeding fair,
Your face, Fifine.

Your eyes are wells of living light,
And proud your mien;
You look down from a lofty height
On all, Fifine.

And well you know the charmed ways
Man's heart to win;
You bid him follow, he obeys
Your call, Fifine.

You bind that heart with golden cords—
Your web you spin:
And ah! what pastime that affords—
Does it not, Fifine?

That soft white hand has eloquence;
Those lips may mean
Things that enthral the fainting sense
And soul, Fifine.

The sweet warm blush that mantles through
The delicate skin;
The languor in the eyes of blue
Tell tales, Fifine.

Tales of a mighty power of love
Deep set within;
A passion that is far above
This earth, Fifine.

And how long do you really think
To play and win
At this wretched game upon the brink
Of death, Fifine?

Death to the honest hopes that dare
On you to lean,
And fondly fancy you can spare
One tear, Fifine?

Believe that what you softly say
Is what you mean;
That you will be as you are to-day,
To-morrow, Fifine?

They told you I was passing rich,
And well, I ween,
You worked your spells me to bewitch
And snare, Fifine.

In vain; I know the stage's tricks—
The tinsel scene—
I only smile to see you fix
On me, Fifine,

Deep azure eyes that watch me now,
Fiercely serene.
Indeed, I'm very well; and how
Are you, Fifine?

Good night: I envy not your life;
I hope to win
A truer woman for my wife
Than you, Fifine.

The Grumbler.

WHAT are they going to do with dockyards and all the public offices and buildings, now that Lowe and Co. have decided upon discharging all the Government employés? Why sell them, of course. The new Foreign Office is to be converted into a joint stock hotel; the Horse Guards into a Civil Service store warehouse; while Somerset House is to have its courtyard covered with glass and be turned into a winter garden; some enterprising Bignold will take the left wing and adapt it for dancing rooms; the right one is for Bellew's Shakesperian Readings, and the centre, facing the river, made into dining rooms for whitebait and fish dinners. Mudie and Co. take the Library of the British Museum, and Barnum is already in the field for the purchase of the rest, with its curiosities and antiquities, to which he will add the Tussaud wax collection to augment and increase the attraction. Blondin is to have the York and Nelson columns, to which he will attach his high rope and carry on his elevated performances. The Admiralty is to become a bijou burlesque theatre, and Whitehall a music hall. Mr. E. T. Smith, with his unflagging enterprise, is to have Kensington Palace and Gardens, where he will combine the legitimate drama and a Mabile garden. Where is all the business of the country to be carried on? Why, there will be no business. There is evidently little enough now, and if all the clerks and employés are to be dismissed, as they have already been at the dockyards, there will be none whatever, or whatever little there may be, will be transacted by Messrs. Gladstone, Lowe and Co., at the Palace of Westminster, where they will each have their own separate room with tiny closet office, just large enough to hold their secretary, to pay themselves, and keep their cheque books. And really, when one comes to think of it, they will be amply provided for, considering the very little work they do at present, and the very much less they must anticipate they will have to do. How are all the public places of entertainment to be supported? Ah, I thought you would ask that—why, simply enough. So many of the public servants being thrown out of employment, the clerk market will naturally be glutted, and the aforesaid gentlemen being idle, and having their whole time at their own disposal, will find it hang heavy on their hands, and will necessarily require amusement. But that won't pay the proprietors, won't it? Why, certainly it won't; but does any sane proprietor of any public entertainment in London, now-a-days, ever expect that any place of amusement will pay? Of course, everybody applying will have orders; and the enterprising manager will have the satisfaction, at all events, of over-crowded houses, and the novelty of a truthful announcement at their doors of a placard, with pit full, in large letters. Not a very bright state of things. Well, if ministers go on as they have begun, I think it will be a very Bright business. At all events, things cannot be worse than they are. What remedy is there? probably none at all; unless Messrs. Lowe and Co. can be persuaded to extend the cutting-off system to their own salaries—in other words, begin at the top instead of the bottom—and if they won't consent to cut off themselves, begin, at any rate, with the heads of the different offices, and reduce their salaries, not dismiss those whose bread entirely depends upon their employment. No, the whole thing is a mistake. The penny-wise and pound-foolish policy has never been a wise or beneficial one for England; and it is only your very Liberal Governments that have ever been impolitic enough to practise it. No, depend upon it, a great nation never flourishes by petty, paltry, and, in many cases, most unjust and unfair economies.

Do I think the perambulators in the streets a nuisance? Most certainly I do; at all events, nursemaids ought to be taught the right and wrong side of the way, the same as all other vehicles are obliged to adopt. It certainly is no slight nuisance to have the infant Mabel Arabella poked into your legs while Susan Jane is enamorously winking at private Macdougal of the Guards on the opposite side of the way. Surely, the police—despite their sympathy for Susan Jane, remembering her fellow-servants' enticing invitation to supper—might just take the trouble to enforce some little order in the management of perambulators and the avoidance of danger to compulsory pedestrians. Whose business is it to look after the lamp-posts in Portland Place? How should I know? but if you allude to their deviation from the perpendicular, it is certainly true that their irregularity is a disgrace to the parish they are in. Unquestionably, the finest street we have in London—as one of the dullest—ought not to be disfigured by such unsightly carelessness as reeling and drunken-looking lamp-posts. Surely, if the lamp-posts can't hold themselves better than they do, they should be taken up, for they are an eye-sore to the correct sight, and encouragement to a deviation from the right path little needed in that locality—a locality of splendid dulness.

Straight is the path, and broad the way
That leads to Regent Park,
And dull as is a foggy day,
And more so after dark:
The very lamp-posts bow their heads,
Ashamed of being there;
So make them stand upright at least,
Or take them—anywhere.

For most unsightly are these posts,
Their light lacks spirit, too,
Though you'd think they'd had too much of that
By the way they leer at you.
So speedily have them replaced
By something far more grand,
For, really, they're a sad disgrace
To the parish where they stand.

The Man Abroad.

PARIS, *March 10th.*

THE *séance* of the Corps Legislatif—interrupted, or, rather, adjourned for a few days—was renewed on Monday; but so far there has been no incident of any note. The time has been occupied with a discussion on the affairs of Algeria, which, though of considerable importance, and interesting to those who study the course of events in France very assiduously, cannot by any stretch of the imagination be considered a *cheval de bataille* for a *chroniqueur* who, like myself, tries to reproduce on paper—unsuccessfully, perhaps, but still conscientiously—the lighter topics, social and political, of Paris life. After the close of Monday's sitting many of the deputies, including nearly all the Ministers, hastened off to a banquet given by the Marquis d'Andelarre to the Ministerial supporters. The dinner took place at the Grand Hotel: why I do not know, for there is no place in Paris where one dines—I will not say so badly, but less well—than at that gigantic caravanserai. It may be very comfortable and convenient to stay at as far as sleeping accommodation is concerned; but how any one can dine there when Bignon's and Voisin's are so near is inexplicable. The same evening there was a crowd at the Opera to see and hear Napoleon and *Robert le Diable* respectively. It was the last public appearance, for some little time, of the latter, at least. This opera has not been received with the *furore* that Meyerbeer's works generally create *chez nous*—at all events, this season; and the bouquets for which Nilsson was the target were probably intended more as a tribute to her personally than as *prima donna* in this particular piece. On Tuesday the first concert of the season, which took place at the Tuileries, was, of course, very numerously attended, and of considerable merit in itself: as well it might be, when we remember that each of these performances cost about 12,000 fr., and that Faure, Nilsson, Mme. Carvalho, Madlle. Bloch, and other celebrities, were among the performers: to say nothing of a perfect army of the *élèves* of the Conservatoire. Auber, carrying his fourscore years like a second Methusaleh, presided—if I may use the term—at the performance, and not less than 800 *invités* filled the salons, with the newly gained Orleanists among the number. It is with much pain that I noticed by the list of the notabilities present that the original and real French correspondent of the *Dirty Dustbin* must be absent from Paris, for his name was not to be found therein; the only explanation of so extraordinary a fact being, of course, his absence. The empire may survive the *tracasseries* and the plottings of its enemies, but not the loss of so powerful an ally; therefore, I cannot think that he will be allowed to leave us. There is a rumour that he has been sent by the Emperor to St. Petersburg, entrusted with a secret mission, of which M. Daru and General Fleury know nothing. And this is, perhaps, the real cause of his being temporarily lost to us.

There is nothing of any great importance in the theatrical world just now by way of novelties, if I except George Sand's piece, *L'autre*, which has been criticised so unfavourably by one or two journals as to send its authoress into such transports of rage that we may perhaps have a repetition of the comedy *Villemessant and Olympe Oudenard*. The drama, *Les Cosaques*, which is to re-appear at the Châtelet, has been somewhat remodelled, and in the last tableau, if a Victor Koning is an authority, the curtain will rise and show us a panorama of Guernsey at sunrise. Victor Hugo on horseback, surrounded by an escort, advances from the right-hand side of the stage, while a large crowd comes out of the sea and rushes towards him with shouts of joy. The drums beat; the actors of the Porte St. Martin, with Raphaël Felix at their head, wave countless flags; from the Odéon is heard the roar of cannon and the cries of the students, who vociferate "A bas Cassagnac!" "Vive Ruy Blas!" At the front of the stage Henri Rochefort, Charles Hugo, and Felix Pyat show to the audience their broken chains, and form one group; Auguste Vacquerie, Flourens, and the *Vache à Gambon* making a second. The heavens open and an angel bestriding a muzzled eagle descends, showering on the whole troupe countless numbers of the *Rappel* and the *Marseillaise*. The curtain drops amidst shouts of "Long live Victor Hugo!"

The Œcumenical Council, which "has been making to speak of it" lately, reminds me of a story of Napoleon I. and the then Pope. The former was very anxious to be consecrated by the Holy Father, who would not listen to it. The emperor having exhausted reasoning and promises, lost his temper, and began to threaten and insult him, finishing at last with one or two *calottes*, which were administered with no gentle hand. All the answer he could get was, "*Tragédien!*" Thereupon Bonaparte began to whine, and threw himself on his knees, saying, "Pardon me, Holy Father, but I will ever be the most obedient servant of Mother Church; only grant me this request." All the Pope replied, however, to this, was "*Comédien!*"

As an instance of sharp practice, the history of the appointment of the new Archbishop of Lyons is worthy of being put in print. It would appear that hardly had the breath left the body of poor old Monseigneur de Bonald, than a telegram reached the Tuileries from the Vatican proposing a candidate as his successor. The Emperor at once telegraphed to the Holy Father his regret that the application was too late, the choice having been already made.

This week has been a sad one in the annals of the *petits créveés* and *ces dames*. The road is up for half way along the lake, so that, in their daily visit to the wood, they have been obliged to go round by the Pelouse de la Muelto, and come in again to the side of the lake at the Swiss chalet, thereby losing at least half the opportunities which a straight and uninterrupted run use to give them. However next week they will be able to make up for lost time.

THE HISTORY OF A £50 BILL.

A.D. 1680.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I am in a strait what to write to you. A thorough downfall of rain, which threatens a deluge to the lovely little vale in which I am now located (and shall be for at least a fortnight to come), has made me idle; and although, lest the highest point of sacred friendship be performed slightly, I have gone about the matter with all due deliberation and care, as the priests of old to sacrifice; or, as the cunning Caseley to the forcing of a "patent impregnable," with the "alderman," when every blow on the all-powerful wedge seems to ask, "who's Griffiths?" or, as discreet thieves to the wary performance of burglary and shoplifting; yet am I still at a loss for a subject. Were I in rude health, or did this sober period of the year—when monks fast and

pray in sackcloth and ashes, and "unco' guid, or the rigidly righteous," forswear beef and mutton, and mortify the flesh alternately upon pancakes and fish—permit it, I would write a small romance, and make the sun with his dishevelled rays gild the tops of the *palaces* at "Pimlico the sad;" in the Haymarket; in the purlieus of Leicester-square; and even in the precincts of "Old Drury" and Leather-lane. As it is, your readers must content themselves with the following truthful confession, and profit by the moral which therein lies.

CEDRIC THE SAXON.

Ash Wednesday.

"Tho' you expected to see me the happiest Man in the World, by the extraordinary Honours which I receiv'd from his Excellency; yet I cannot forbear acquainting you, you are greatly disappointed in that respect.

Before I receiv'd his Bounty (which far surpassed my Hopes, and was more the Effect of his Generosity than any Merit of mine) I thought Riches where so necessary an Ingredient in human Life, that it was scarce possible to attain any Degree of Happiness without them.

I imagin'd, that if I had but a competent Sum, I should have no Care, no Trouble to discompose my Thoughts, nothing to withdraw my Mind from Virtue and the Muses; but that, if possible, I should enjoy a more Exalted Degree of Content and Delight than I had hitherto: but now I perceive these kind of Notions to have been the pure genuine Effect of a very empty Purse.

My hopes are vanish'd at the Increase of my Fortune; my opinion of Things is of a sudden so altered, that I am taught to pity none so much as the Rich; who, by my Computation (after three tedious Weeks' Experience) must of necessity have an Income of Plagues, proportioned to their Fortunes.

I know this Declaration surprises you; but in order to convince you, I will, as exactly as possible, set down, by way of Diary, the different Emotions of mind which I labour'd under during the first three Weeks' Guardianship (for I can hardly call it a Possession) of that same unfortunate Care-bringing Fifty Pounds; and have not the least Doubt, but you will believe my Assertions to be true.

Monday, Feb. 16. Received this morning the agreeable News of being ordered to wait on his Excellency the Lord Carteret, but suffered a great deal of Perplexity about appearing before one in so Eminent a Station, and more admired and eminent for Learning, and every other Perfection of the Mind,—went however to the Castle—met with a very gracious Reception—had full power of that Affability, Wisdom and Generosity, for which his Excellency is so peculiarly distinguish'd, and which I knew before only by the Testimonies of others—was ordered to go to Mr. T——, to receive the Premium appointed by my Lord.

Memorandum, I imagin'd my Stature greatly increas'd, and walked more erect than usual, went in high Spirits to the Secretary's (but, as a Drawback to my Happiness) receiv'd the dispiriting Account of his being Confined to his Chamber—denied Admittance.

Memorandum, his Excellency easier of Access than his Officer.

Tuesday, 17. The Secretary still sick—paid a Visit to his Street-door about Twelve—return'd melancholy.

Wednesday	..	..	..	..	ditto
Thursday	..	..	..	..	ditto
Friday	..	..	..	..	ditto
Saturday	..	..	..	..	ditto
Sunday	..	..	..	..	ditto

O! 'twas a dreadful Interval of Time!

Monday, 23. Ordered to wait again on Mr. T——; but happening to be over eager to receive the Sum, I hasten'd away too unseasonably, about half an Hour after Twelve, and found him asleep.

Memorandum, admitted this Morning to stand in the Hall, and not at the Door as hath been slanderously and maliciously reported; I presume because it happened so at other times.

Walked in the Piazzas till after One, ruminating on the various Hopes and Fears with which my mind has been tormented this week past—could not forbear repeating aloud, the two Lines of the Libel which accidentally are not more true of Mr. Addison, than this Friend,

> Who, grown a Minister of State,
> Sees Poets at his Levee wait.

Memorandum, not under any Apprehension of being understood by any Persons walking there, which were only a few Lawyers and a Parson or two—

Saunter again to the Secretary's—out of Hope—permitted now to go into a wide unfurnished Apartment—in half an Hour's Time admitted to his Presence—received a Bill of Fifty Pounds—returned with great Delight.—

I now imagined that nothing was wanting to make me really happy. I pleased myself also with the Thought of communicating Happiness to my Friends who would share in my Success, and particularly to you, who are unwearied in endeavouring to promote the Felicity of others—How far I was disappointed will appear by the Sequel—so to proceed with my Diary.—

I wrapt up my Bill very carefully—yet could not bear looking at it sometimes, though not oftener than at every Street's length—But mark the Instability of all human Affairs!—As I was very attentively reading it, a pert swaggering Fellow rushes by me—I immediately suspected an Attempt upon my Treasure—looked as earnestly as I dared in the Fellow's Face, and thought I read Robbery in the Lines of his Countenance—so hastily slipt my Bill into my Pocket without its Cover—met a Friend, told him of my Success—and the Generosity of his Excellency—but pulling out the Bank Note hastily, tore it in the middle—dismally frightened—came Home—showed it to my Wife—was more terrified at hearing that it would now be of no Value—received several Compliments from her for my Care of it—and *that I was likely to be rich, since I took such Pains to preserve what I got*—and the like—went directly in a Fit of Anger and Vexation to Henry's Bank—smiled a little, and spoke submissively to the Clerk—obtained a new Bill—returned again in great Joy—all things settled amicably between us.—

Memorandum, Found upon Inquiry that the ill-favour'd Gentleman above-mentioned, was one Mr.—what d'ye call him—the Attorney of whom I need not have been in such Terror, since he was never known to be guilty of such an Action in a public Way.

Monday Night, 12 o'clock. Went to Bed as usual—but found myself violently pulled till I awoke—seized with a very great Trembling, when I heard a Voice crying—*Take care of the Bill*—found immediately it proceeded from the Concern of my Bedfellow, who it seems was as ill formed to possess great Riches as myself—pitied her—told her it was safe—fell asleep soon, but was in less than two Hours roused again with her crying—*My Dear—My Dear—are you sure it is safe?—don't you hear some Noise there?—I'll lay my life there's Robbers in the Room!—Lard have Mercy upon us—what a hideous Fellow I just now saw by my Bed-side with a drawn Sword—or did I dream it?*—trembled a little at her suspicions—slumber'd—but was awaked a third Time in the same Manner—rose about Six, much discomposed—received a very solemn charge to be watchful against Accidents—*and let me beg of you, my Dear, to have a great Care of the Bill.*

Tuesday, 24. Become extremely impatient to have this tormenting Bill changed into Money, out of a Belief that it would be then less liable to Accidents, breaking of Bankers, &c.—went to one Bank and was refused—yet was ashamed to go to Henry's so soon—contrived however to get it exchanged after a great variety of Schemes and Journeys to several Places—came home—spread it upon a Table to see the utmost Bounds and Extent of my Riches—all the rest of the Day sat contriving where to lay it—what Part of the House would be most secure—what Place would be least suspected by Thieves, if any should come—perceived my mind more disturbed with having so much Money in my Custody, than I was before.—

Tuesday Night, 11 o'clock. Went round my House to inspect my Doors, whether they were all safe—perceived a great deficiency of Bars, Bolts, Locks, Latches, Door-chains, Window-shuts, Fire-arms, &c., which I never had taken the least Notice of before—peeped with great Circumspection under the beds—resolved to watch this Night, and prepare expedients for my Security next Morning—watched accordingly—

Wednesday, 25. Extremely fatigued with last Night's watching—Consulted several Hours about preserving my wealth, believe it most safe in Bills, after mature Deliberation hurried away to the Bank and took a Bill for it—came away with a easier mind—walked about two Streets' length cheerfully—but began to reflect that if my load was lighter, yet on the other Hand the Bill might again be torn, be dropt, be mislaid,—went back in haste—once more received it in money—brought it home—looked frequently behind me as I walked—hid it—resolved to lay out the greatest part of it in plate—bespoke it accordingly—prepared my Fire-arms—went to Bed—not one Wink of Sleep all this Night.—

Thursday, 26. Looked a little paler To-day than usual—but not much concerned at that, since it was misinterpreted by my Friends for the Effects of hard Study—invited abroad to Dinner—went—sat down to Table, but in that dreadful Moment recollected that my Closet, where my whole Treasure was deposited, was left open—was observed to change Colour and look terrified—not Macbeth so startled when he saw the Ghost of murdered Banquo at the Feast—Memorandum, Money a perpetual Apparition to the covetous mind.

Ran distractedly Home—found all safe, but returned too late for Dinner—fasted—fretted—well saith St. Paul—*Money is the Root of all Evil.*

Thursday Night, 12 o'clock. Hired a Watchman to guard my Doors—went to bed—but no Sleep—the same mind-plaguing riches floated uppermost in my Thoughts—methinks they cried—*Sleep no more!—Wealth has murdered Sleep!*—slumbered, however, a little towards morning—dreamt of nothing but *Robbers, Assassins, Spectres, Flames, Hurricanes*—waked in great Terror.

Dear Doctor, it would be too tedious to pursue the dreadful Narration any further, every day administered new cause of uneasines, nor did my concern forsake me even in the midst of Company and Wine.

Till I had the Plate sent Home I was uneasy, lest after I had ordered it to be made I should be robbed of my Money, and then not be able to pay for it; and when I had it once in my Possession, I trembled every instant for fear of losing it for ever.

When at Home I was afraid of being murdered for my Substance, and when abroad, I was much terrified with the Apprehension that either my servants might possibly be dishonest, and so contrive to deprive me of it while I was guarding it, or else that by Carelessness they might set fire to my House, and destroy it all at once.

Every Bell I heard ring I immediately imagined to be a *Fire-bell*; and every *Fire-bell* alarmed me with a Belief that my own House was in a *Blaze*; so that I was plagued without interruption.

Since I have recovered myself a little, I have made an exact Calculation of the quantity of Pleasure and Pain which I endured, and I shall show you the just Balance, the more fully to convince you.

A faithful Account of the Happiness and Misery of M . . . . . w P . . . . . n Clerk, for the space of Eleven Days, on receiving fifty Pounds from his Excellency the Lord Carteret.

HAPPY.

	Days.	Hours.	Min.
During the whole time of being with my Lord, and till I went to the Secretary's	00	01	00
By telling my success to several Friends, and describing his Excellency's Person and Perfections	00	03	01
By receiving the Sum from Mr. T ...	00	00	03
By obtaining the new Bill for that which was torn, and pacifying my wife	00	03	00
Total of Happiness	00	07	04

MISERABLE.

	Days.	Hours.	Min.
All the Remainder	10	16	56

To conclude all, to keep my mind as calm and quiet as it was in the Days of Poverty, I have expended thirty-two Pounds in Plate, to be a Monument of his Excellency's Generosity to me; and that Plate I have lodged at a rich Neighbour's House for its Security. About ten Pounds I have expended in fortifying my House against the next Money Misfortune may happen to me, of which however at present there appears no great Danger: and if providentially my Fortune be advanced, I hope to bear it with greater Resolution, and to be in a better Condition to preserve it."

The Sporting Man.

THE TURF.

BEFORE alluding to the results of the Liverpool Meeting, let me hasten to call attention to an important error of which every sporting writer, except Hotspur, has been guilty. From among the vast array of inverted commas, slang, and bad grammar which graced the columns of the *Daily Telegraph* on Monday last, in the shape of an article from his shameless pen, I have gathered one grain of wheat which repays the trouble of all my search; that is, the reminder that Astolfo is by Trumpeter. Messrs. Weatherby, it is true, mentions him as being by Orlando, and the owner and breeder were also under that impression; but of course they will at once come forward and confess their error, while the public generally will join Augur in "congratulating his talented *confrère* on his selection." I notice too that, true to his never-failing habit of worshipping the rising sun, he devotes two or three paragraphs to a copious buttering of W. Cook, speaking of him as being so far a-head of all his rivals, that it was a case of Eclipse first, and the rest nowhere. Cook would no doubt be himself the first to express his disgust at such barefaced ko-tooing, not only because it proceeds from the vile pen which now bespatters with fulsome praise, now assaults in language with which Billingsgate could not be handicapped, according as their fortune varies, those who are prominently connected with the Turf, but because in remembrance of the late match between him and John Roberts, there cannot be any great difference between these two celebrated players. However, I think that he may be considered to have atoned for his previous faults in a great measure, by his statement as to Astolfo's parentage, to say nothing of the excellent and remunerative advice which he gave his readers relative to the Liverpool Steeplechase, on which event he chose The Doctor, Cristal, Primrose, Tathwell, Q.C., Pearl Diver, Moose, Casse-Tête, and Silvermere.

The Liverpool Meeting has been in many respects a most successful one, for the Steeplechase created more excitement than it has done for many years past, the field for it being, taken all round, of at least average merit. Some of the smaller races were, however, rather unsuccessful, two or three ending either in walks-over

or not even filling, while fields of two, three, four, and five were more numerous than one cares to see. Vagabond not being brought to Liverpool, and Silenus being in reserve for the Spring Cup, Salliet made short work of Duchess of Athol, her solitary opponent; and, on the following day, she even more conclusively proved that her speed was undiminished by a clever victory over Perambulator, giving him 29 lbs, he himself having on the first day walked away with the Flying Stakes. The Annual Hurdle Race was comparatively an insignificant affair, as all the best horses entered for it were kept in reserve for their more important engagement on the morrow, so that such cracks as Warlike and Silvermere were the kings amongst the blind men. The latter of these fell heavily with Page when looking like the winner, thereby interfering with Three per Cent. who was also going well, Warlike in the meanwhile galloping home at his ease. I am, perhaps, not giving the latter credit for being so good a horse as he really is, for the next day he repeated his triumph with a much heavier weight, though not against opponents of any great mark. M. Pol. Nanquette received some slight consolation for the disasters that befell his champions Honolulu and Nuage by the victory of Prouesse (once the property of Captain Barron) in the Molyneux Steeplechase. Surney, however, showed, by his running so forward in the Grand National, that he would have been a dangerous opponent; and Proserpine, too, who showed such good form at Malton last Friday, would have given the French lady some trouble. The Mersey Cup fell to Fuzée, who had won a race at Nottingham, in the absence of Lily, whom Mr. Brayley did not bring to Liverpool, reserving her, no doubt, for a race of some importance later on in the spring.

Having discussed the results of the Sefton Handicap and the Hurdle Race of Wednesday, in my allusions to Salliet and Warlike, I come to the Grand National, *in propriâ personâ*, which may be dismissed in a very few lines. The Colonel's victory is in more ways than one unprecedented, as, not only has he scored a second triumph in succession—a feat achieved by Abd-el-Kader in 1850-51—but on each occasion the same jockey has been up; whereas Cris. Green and Abbott were the pilots of the Arab chief. It is strange, too, that George Stevens, on Emblem and Emblematic, should have also achieved double honours previously, making, with his victory on Freetrader in 1856, the fifth occasion on which he has been crowned with the laurel wreaths of the Great Steeplechase. That The Colonel is a good horse, no one can now deny; for though last year he was opposed, said his detractors, by a lot of slow hunters, on this occasion he proved himself better than anything that could be produced against him, with much the worst of the weights. To give 5 lb. and a neck beating to The Doctor, who had been tried such a certainty that his party put down the money as if they had indeed "struck ile," a stone to Primrose, and weight varying from 5 lb. to 20 lb. to the rest of the competitors, who had been many of them highly tried. Pearl Diver was, it is true, giving The Colonel 9 lb., but he was beaten to the devil, so that Mr. Evans' horse must be some pounds better than the top weight, whom many people have always considered (without reason, I must say,) the best steeplechaser we have had for years.

Never was there a Liverpool where the moving accidents of flood and field were less numerous, the only incidents being the early refusal of Fan and Middleton (first and second the previous week in the Nottingham hurdle race, and evidently mindful of Horace's injunction, "*Cari comitis ne abscedat imago*"), the collapse of Tathwell about half way from home by the giving way of his ever-suspicious leg, and the hopeless defeat of old Hall Court, who has now evidently seen his best day. Pearl Diver ran a good horse under his heavy weight, but tired at the last flight of hurdles but one; while Surney, if he did not fulfil the hopes of Epsom, at least ran far more respectably than his detractors had expected. Cristal, as might have been expected from a young horse who had never been under fire, failed conspicuously to justify the preference shown for him by the talent; but next year we may hope better things of him. However, it is rather too early to begin discussing the Grand National of 1871, sufficient labour remaining to be disposed of for this season. I hear that The Colonel's party have won a large stake of money, including Mr. Cockin, which is not surprising, as, with Costa in the stable as a decoy-duck, they were enabled to get on at a good price, and to the last day there were always fair odds to be had, though at the finish he was first favourite at 7 to 2, The Doctor being backed at 5 to 1. As he is to be sold towards the end of this month, I shall be curious to see what price he fetches, though at the end of the season, and with his form so fully exposed, it will be a rather risky venture to run into a very high figure. Lord Poulett's party must have had a dreadful time of it, for, in addition to Cristal's defeat, Fleetwing, with 7 to 4 on her, was beaten by Leoncillo, whom Lord Poulett claimed from Mr. Temple, and who was, in his turn, beaten on the following day.

In the Sefton Steeplechase, too, Chippenham fell heavily with Mr. Edwards, who was removed from the course insensible, so that misfortune as usual did not come single. In the latter race Mr. Green's old mare, The Nun, was successful after a good race with Lord Waldegrave, who had been tried well with The Doctor, and ran better than ever he has done previously; for though he did not absolutely win, Roving Maid (much changed for the worse), Snowstorm, and Steamboat were all in his rear, so far as to make it clear he must be as good as any of them at even weights. Snowstorm, however, fell over Chaddington, so that this performance of his, perhaps, must not be taken into account when we come to consider his chance on a future occasion. The Spring Cup, the only other item which requires comment, was won by Free Trade after a capital struggle with Silenus and Jarnac; the Duke of Newcastle's cast-off just failing, even with Fordham's aid, to give 32 lb. to the son of Caractatus and Traffic, a neck only separating the leading *trio*. The field was a poor one in quantity and quality, the winner being decidedly the pick of the basket as far as looks were concerned.

With this hurried and imperfect *compte-rendu* of the Liverpool Spring Meeting of 1870, I take leave of it without regret, and turn to the future. For next week I can offer no suggestions, such Meetings as Pontefract, Cambridgeshire Steeplechases, West Somerset, Grand Military and Rugby, and Kingsbury being quite beyond my ken; though I have no doubt there will be some good sport at the Cambridgeshire Meeting of the Grand National, and at Rugby. What surprises me most is Sunshine's delicate position in the market for the Derby; as to her retrogression for the Guineas, that is nothing, as it might arise from her owner's intention to reserve her for Epsom; but it is undoubtedly very ominous that for that event also she should be walking in the way of Belladrum. It is to be hoped, however, that this great and good mare is, and will keep well, but that if any mischance befalls her Mr. Merry will not allow a repetition of last year's scandalous doings.

FORECAST.

In the Arena.

THE Cambridge crew, although they have gone into strict training, appear very undecided as to the relative positions of the men in the boat; and Mr. Close, the very clever winner of the Colquhoun sculls, has been tried as stroke, and will, in all likelihood, hold that post, as Mr. Goldie is considered by the *cognoscenti* as being too heavy for that all important place this year. Mr. Chambers, who for four years rowed in the race against Oxford, has been, the last day or two, helping Mr. Morrison in his duties as coach. On Wednesday the crew had a good long row, and the boat was much improved as regards trim, so in the course of a day or two they will take to their outrigger. At Oxford, at present all attempts to get Messrs. Yarborough and Tinné to row again have proved unavailing; of course, if they could be induced even now to take places in the boat, the prospects of Oxford again winning the blue riband would be materially increased. However, as the boat now stands, or rather sits, their prospects are not over encouraging; but under any circumstances, the Oxford crew are always bad to beat, because they are sure to stay the distance, and their adherents need not be too desponding as to Mr. Houblon's capabilities for the post of stroke, for though a small man, it does not follow that he is bound to set a short stroke. As far as weight goes the Oxonians have a slight advantage; but it is rather hard lines that, out of the four who rowed so lately as August last against Harvard, not one man will row in this year's eight. It almost seems that at Oxford they are tired of their oft-repeated victories; but they must not do so, as when Cambridge once again taste the sweets of victory, they will strain every nerve to repeat the flavour. Next week we will give a list of the men in the respective crews, and their weights.

The St. John's College sports came off this week with great *éclat*. Mr. G. Watkin showed most decidedly the best form that has as yet been exhibited at Cambridge this year, and he doubtless will be heard of in connection with the Inter-'varsity sports. The mile and two mile races were won with great ease by Mr. Hawtrey, who is, without doubt, the best mile runner now up at Cambridge. The chief event in the programme was the Open Mile Handicap, in which it was greatly hoped Mr. W. M. Chinnery would start, but he did not. Mr. Mason, who won the race, with 70 yards start, has been successful in the last two or three mile races in which he has competed, as he has been very leniently treated by the handicappers, probably on account of his having entered himself as of "King's College School," and consequently been handicapped in a manner which, if the allotter of start had known that it is now some two years since he has left school, would not have been the case; and we would in future recommend him to describe himself as *late* of King's College School, and so give the handicappers a chance of putting him in races according to his real merits. At Oxford the chief event of the week has been the Magdalen Hall 120 Yards Handicap, which had nearly fifty entries, and was won by Mr. Prothero, who had 9½ yards start, with Mr. R. V. Somers-Smith (8 yards start), second. The time of the final heat was given as 11½ seconds; but this evidently is a mistake, or else they are all wonders at Oxford. Although the programme for the Champion Meeting has not been as yet issued, we have reason to believe that it will be the same as in former years; but the prizes this year will be challenge cups with presentation medals for the winners, instead of the valuable cups as hitherto. Now that the boat-race is fixed for Wednesday, the 6th April, the Inter-'varsity sports will take place the following Friday, and the Champion Meeting on the next Monday, which will, we sincerely hope, be this year more largely patronised by the members of Oxford and Cambridge Universities. We had almost omitted to notice that the Eton College Mile Race, which so often has produced good men, was this week won by Mr. Armson in the very good time of 4 min. 40 seconds.

Cook last week completely put all his previous breaks into the shade by his enormous score of 512, including 167 spot strokes. All this is very wonderful, and, no doubt, no one else could perform the feat; but somehow it does not put us in mind of *billiards*, but simply skittles, as, to say the least, it must be monotonous for the lookers-on to see a man for half-an-hour repeating the same stroke. Doubtless we shall have many to disagree with us; but, to our mind, John Roberts, break of 356 is by far the greatest performance on record, for it was made through good all-round play, and not absolute devotion to one stroke.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

"—— tenui meditaris avenâ."

There are some sow early and some sow late,
And some who are always sowing;
But very few care to fix the date
When the crop will be ready for mowing:
And the part about it that most men hate
Is its horrible power of growing.

1.
If you to wedlock should incline,
And of that state deserving;
This is a custom I opine,
Most honoured in observing.

2.
Not being "a black bearded king;"
Nor having "a wolfish eye;"
I couldn't have sentenced the poor thing,
Nor "waited to see her die."

3.
Often behind by day, as well as night,
And though most blameless never can be right.

4.
Gliding along at their top-most speed,
They see the signal, but take no heed;
Not for the warning board will they stop,
Till the ice gives way, and they tumble in flop.

SOLUTION OF DOUBLE ACROSTIC IN LAST WEEK'S NUMBER.

E ndo W
A e I
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T oa D

CORRECT SOLUTIONS RECEIVED:—Vectis; S. T. P. John; Hesper; Bunch and Pie; Incorrect; Eureka.

RACING AND STEEPLECHASE FIXTURES.

MARCH.

Pontefract and West Riding	14, 15	Kingsbury	17, 18
Cambridgeshire	14, 15	Warwick Spring	22, 23, 24
Co. Down Steeplechases	15, 16	Brentwood	24
West Somerset Steeplechases	16, 17	Enfield	25
Grand Millitary and Rugby Hunt	16, 17	Epsom Spring	29, 30
		Baldoyle Steeplechases	30, 31
		Bromley	31, 1
		Cheltenham S. C.	31, 1

Advertisements.

ITALIAN OPERA.—THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.—Season 1870. Full particulars will be duly announced.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE
Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. F. B. Chatterton.
Entire change of performance. Doors open at half-past six, commence at seven, and terminate at eleven. Stage Manager, Mr. Edward Stirling. Box-office open from ten till five daily.

PEEP O'DAY. the Irish Romantic Drama, will be performed THIS EVENING, at Eight o'clock.
THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

PEEP O'DAY.—The Pattern Fair, the Irish Jig, the Faction Fight, illustrated by 300 auxiliaries. THIS EVENING
THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

PEEP-O'-DAY.—The Old Quarry, Foil Dhuiv, or Dark Valley. Startling Sensation Scene. THIS EVENING.

PEEP O'DAY, with Characteristic Scenery, by William Beverley. THIS EVENING.
THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

PEEP O'DAY, produced under the personal direction of F. B. Chatterton. THIS EVENING, at Eight o'clock.
THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

PEEP O'DAY.—Characters by Messrs. J. B. Howard, Lewis, Nanton, Barrett, J. Neville, F. Charles, C. Moore, McIntyre, W. Fawdon Vokes, F. Vokes, J. Reynolds, Cullen, J. B. Johnstone, J. Morris, Mitchenson, Seymour, Silvani; Mesdames Edith Stuart, Barrett, Michells, Amy Roselle, Hastings, Harper, and Rosina Vokes. THIS EVENING, at Eight.
THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

PHOBUS'S FIX.—New Farce, in which the celebrated Vokes Family will appear. THIS EVENING, at Seven o'clock.
THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.
Great attraction of MR. SOTHERN'S Reappearance in Lord Dundreary.—THIS EVENING, at Seven, POPPING THE QUESTION. At twenty minutes to Eight, OUR AMERICAN COUSIN. Characters by Mr. Sothern, Mr. Buckstone, Mr. Chippendale, Mr. Braid, Mr. Rogers; Mrs. Chippendale, Miss F. Wright, Miss F. Gwynne, Miss C. Hill, &c. Concluding with DEAF AS A POST: Mr. Compton and Mrs. E. Fitzwilliam. Box-office open daily, from ten to five.

MR. SOTHERN'S REAPPEARANCE as LORD DUNDREARY.—In consequence of the great demand for places, and the crowded houses which have nightly witnessed the revival of OUR AMERICAN COUSIN, it will be performed until further notice. In rehearsal, a new and original Rustic Comedy, entitled "Barwise's Book," by Mr. H. T. Craven, Esq., in which Mr. Sothern, Mr. Buckstone, and the principal members of the company, with Mrs. Frank Matthews will appear.

SOTHERN as LORD DUNDREARY EVERY EVENING till further notice.

SOTHERN as LORD DUNDREARY EVERY EVENING till further notice.

BUCKSTONE as ASA TRENCHARD EVERY EVENING till further notice.
HAYMARKET THEATRE.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.
Sole Proprietor and Manager, Mr. Benjamin Webster.
Novelty and Attraction.—Enthusiastic reception of Mr. Henry J. Byron in "Not such a Fool as he Looks." Production of Mr. Henry J. Byron's popular drama of "Blow for Blow."—THIS EVENING, at seven, BLOW FOR BLOW. Charley Spraggs (ninth time in London), Mr. Henry J. Byron; Messrs. J. D. Beveridge, C. H. Stephenson, Arthur Stirling; Miss Furtado, Miss Eliza Johnstone, Miss Lavis, and Miss M. Harris. To conclude with NOT SUCH A FOOL AS HE LOOKS. Mr. H. J. Byron, Messrs. G. Belmore, J. D. Beveridge, C. H. Stephenson; Miss Lavis, Mrs. Leigh Murray, and Miss M. Harris. Box-office open from ten till five; no fees for booking.

MR. HENRY J. BYRON THIS EVENING, in his popular personation of SIR SIMON SIMPLE.
ADELPHI THEATRE.

NOT SUCH A FOOL AS HE LOOKS, THIS EVENING, and for a few nights only, in consequence of the production of a new and original Drama, in four acts, by Henry J. Byron, in which the author and Mr. Benjamin Webster will perform.
ADELPHI THEATRE.

MR. BYRON'S PERFORMANCE of SIR SIMON SIMPLE having been most enthusiastically received, Mr. Webster begs to announce its repetition every evening until further notice.—This EVENING, H. J. Byron's celebrated Drama, BLOW FOR BLOW, in which the Author will appear as Charley Spraggs.
ADELPHI THEATRE.

BLOW FOR BLOW.—Ninth time, THIS EVENING. Charley Spraggs, Mr. Henry J. Byron; Alice and Mildred, Miss Furtado.
ADELPHI THEATRE.

GAIETY THEATRE, Strand.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. John Hollingshead.—At 7, Operetta, THE HAPPY VILLAGE. Miss Loseby, Miss Tremaine; Mr. Perrini, Mr. Teesdale, &c. 7.45 (75th time), Mr. H. J. Byron's successful three-act Drama, UNCLE DICK'S DARLING. Mr. J. L. Toole, Miss Neilson, Mr. H. Irving, Mr. J. Clayton. And 9.45, Mr. G. A. Sala's successful Operatic Extravaganza, WAT TYLER, M.P. (69th night). Two Ballets, company of 200. Mr. J. L. Toole, Miss Loseby, &c. Splendid dresses and scenery. No fees. Prices, 6d. to 2 guineas. Box-office open from ten to five.

GAIETY.—Mr. J. L. TOOLE, EVERY NIGHT.

GAIETY.—Miss NEILSON, EVERY NIGHT.

GAIETY.—LAST NIGHTS of WAT TYLER, in consequence of existing engagements.

GAIETY THEATRE.—"The Violet and the Zephyr." This charming pastoral Ballad will be SUNG by Miss CONSTANCE LOSEBY, EVERY EVENING, in "The Happy Village."

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—Mrs. JOHN WOOD as H.R.H. the Princess Pocahontas, in the Grand Indian Burlesque, LA BELLE SAUVAGE. "A brilliant success."—Times. "An immense success." Standard.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—90th Night of LA BELLE SAUVAGE. Flutter Song—Dutchman's Wee Dog—Britannia's Bend—Mammoth Sunflower—The Velocipede. "A decided success."—The Daily Telegraph. "Most legitimate success."—Daily News.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—125th Night of SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER, with new scenery, dresses, and appointments, at 7 o'clock. At 9.15, LA BELLE SAUVAGE. Scene 1. Immigration. Scene 2. Examination. Scene 3. Intimidation. Scene 4. Recreation. Scene 5. Preservation. To conclude with AN UNHAPPY PAIR. Box-office open from ten till five.

LYCEUM THEATRE. — Triumphant success of CHILPERIC, the great Opera Bouffe, in English. Supported by Messrs. Marius (Folies Dramatiques), Aynsley Cook, H. Rowland, Vincent, Odell, and Mons. Hervé.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—CHILPERIC at 8.15. The great Umbrella Chorus, Hervé's Song of the Butterfly and Duet with Miss Muir encored nightly.

LYCEUM THEATRE. — The brilliant DANCE of CONFUSION and finale to the Second Act raises the nightly crowded audiences to a pitch of enthusiasm unprecedented in theatrical annals.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—Places can be secured in advance; and the Management beg to inform the public that the performances conclude in time for the late trains.

ROYALTY.—Miss Oliver's Last Season. At. 7.30, Andrew Halliday's Drama, LOVE'S DOCTOR; at 9, Burnand's Burlesque, BLACK-EYED SUSAN. Concluding with OUT OF PLACE.—Box-office open eleven to five.

PRETTY SUSAN, DON'T SAY NO, 1,808th time. CAPTAIN CROSSTREE IS HIS NAME, 896th time. The song of the Tittlebat and Swimming Chorus, EVERY EVENING. Messrs Dewar, Danvers; Mesdames Saunders, Parkes, Oliver.

BLACK-EYED SUSAN, Burnand's Great Burlesque, 448th night.—Captain Crosstree, Mr. Dewar; Dame Hatley, Mr. Danvers; Shaun, Miss Saunders; William, Miss Caroline Parkes; Black-eyed Susan, Miss M. Oliver.—ROYALTY THEATRE.

ASTLEY'S.—Mr. HERMANN VEZIN.

ASTLEY'S.—Mrs. HERMANN VEZIN.

ASTLEY'S.—MACBETH, TO-NIGHT (Saturday).

ASTLEY'S. — HAMLET in REHEARSAL and HENRY IV.

ASTLEY'S.—KING OF SCOTS and RICHELIEU.

ASTLEY'S.—Lord BULWER LYTTON'S PLAY.

ASTLEY'S.—TRAGEDY at a Quarter to Eight. Talented company. 300 auxiliaries, armour, new dresses, scenery, &c. Book your places. Stage Manager, T. H. Friend.

ASTLEY'S.—E. T. SMITH has the honour to announce ENGAGEMENTS with the above TALENTED ARTISTES and a first-rate Company. They will appear this (Saturday) evening, March 12. No increase of prices. Pit, 1s., &c.

QUEEN'S.—Great and Legitimate Success of Tom Taylor's Historical Play, in Five Acts, 'TWIXT AXE AND CROWN; or, The Lady Elizabeth. With entirely new Scenery by Messrs. George Gordon and W. Phillips. Orchestra stalls, 7s.

QUEEN'S.—'TWIXT AXE AND CROWN.—Mr. Roushy, Mr. Ryder, Mr. H. Marston, Mr. W. Bedford, Mr. G. Rignold, Mr. A. Nelson, Miss Georgina Pauncefort, Miss M. Henderson, Mrs. H. Vandenhoff, and Mrs. Rousby. Balcony, 5s.

QUEEN'S.—'TWIXT AXE AND CROWN.—The Great Gallery at St. James's—The Tower Room in the Lieutenant's Lodgings—Great Hall of Hatfield House. Box stalls, 2s. 6d.; pit, 1s. 6d.; amphitheatre, 1s.; gallery, 6d.

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